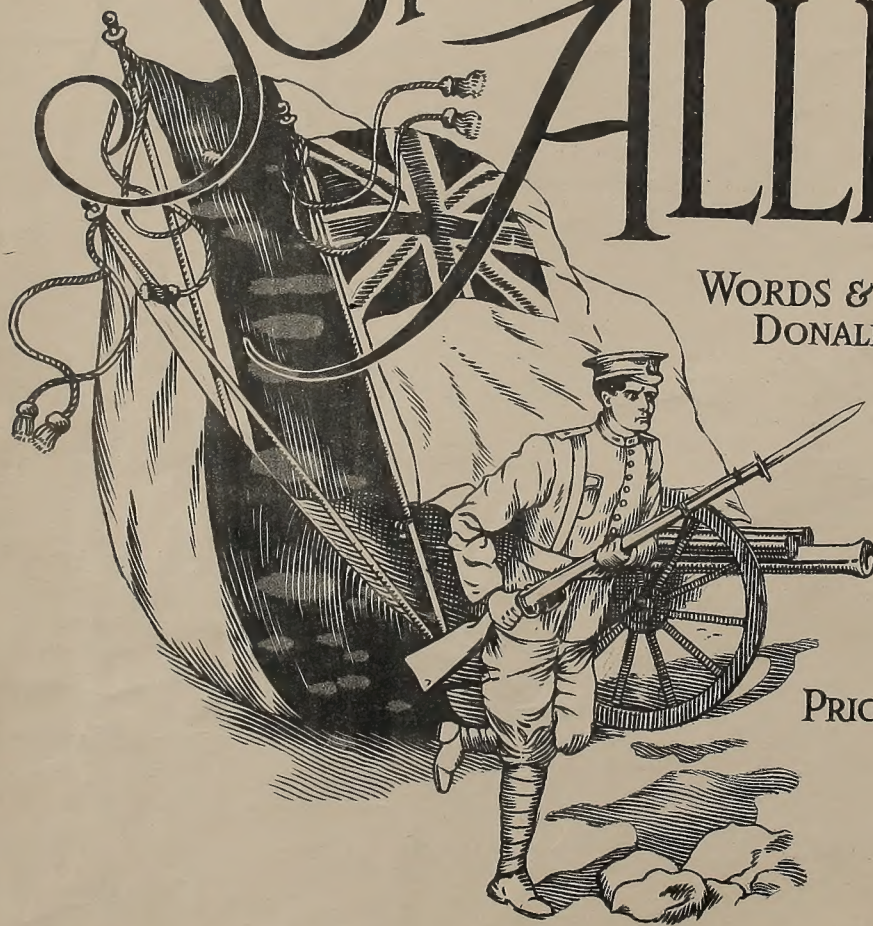


Ruby Collins
To all Good Scouts
**The SONG OF THE
ALLIES**

WORDS & MUSIC BY
DONALD HEINS



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ADDITIONAL VERSES.

RELIEF

Now of our gallant comrades who have fallen in the fray
There are many, now departed, who were with us yesterday.
As we cannot let their children starve, we cannot hear them cry,
We must do the very best we can, their little tears to dry.

Chorus: For we're allied, etc.

RUSSIA

I sing a song of Russia, slowly creeping to Berlin,
Where they'll wake up some fine morning and they'll see them rushing in.
For although we can't pronounce their names, nor understand their ways,
We can all appreciate their work, and wish them "Happy Days."

Chorus: For we're allied, etc.

NAVY

Now of our gallant Navy, I've another word to say—
If it were not for our sailors, where would Britain be to-day?
Just at present, like the rest of us, they're saving on the coal,
Simply hoping they can starve the German badger from his hole.

Chorus: For we're allied, etc.

SONG OF THE ALLIES

Words and Music by
DONALD HEINS

Moderato.

f

1. I sing a song of Bri-tain, I can tell of how her might, Is the
 2. I sing a song of Bel-gium, of the shock she had to bear, 'Tis a
 3. I sing a song of Can-a - day, where na-tions are all mixed, Sure-ly

er - vy of all na - tions when it comes down to a fight. 'Tis the
 sto - ry that the na - tions now are. sing - ing ev - 'ry-where. It's as
 with our fel - lows on the job the Ger - mans will be fixed. There's the

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Broadly

read - i - ness of all her sons to get in - to the game, At a
 though a might - y ti - ger set a trap to catch a flea, How I
 Scotch-man and the Ir - ish - man, the French-man and Can - uck, You can

ten.

sin - gle mo - ments no - tice, to de - fend her splen - did fame. (3rd verse the word)
 won - der if she had - n't stood, where Bri - tain now would be. (Duck, to be short.) L.H.
 bet, when - ev - er they ap - pear, its "ev - 'ry bod - y duck." *ten.*

CHORUS

For we're al - lied one to an - oth - er, — And each man fights for his

broth - er. — No — mat - ter if you're Bri - tish, if you're Bel - gian, or you're French,

Each man stands be-side the oth - er in the trench, For we're al -

lied one to an-oth-er,— And each man fights for his

Broadly
own, We can stand for a re-verse, We can stand the for-eign curse, But we

cant stand a-round at home. — For we're al - home. —

65, 466